

The News



SUNDAY, November 4, 2007

SUNDAY EDITION

YEAR VII VOL 171 ESTABLISHED 1877

My Little Wish

By: Roland W. Peterson

I cannot hear
I cannot read
In my silent world I live
Only a few are aware
Only a few care

In my silent world
I would love to listen
I long to read
Oh how I hunger indeed

As I sit in solitude
My world goes by
I do not understand what I see
It is my mind and only me

Then there are those lovely books
All those animals most likely making sounds
I often wonder what is said
But I cannot hear
I cannot read

As I sit in solitude
I wonder why should this be
I wonder why should it be me

Now I see
Little children like me
They go to bed
And a bed time story is read
They close their little eyes and fall asleep
I often wonder what was told
But I cannot hear
I cannot read

I too close my eyes
When I go to sleep
But I never dream
I have no imagination

So all I do is wish
That some day, . . . some day
Only once, just once
I can hear a bedtime story
As I am being tucked under the sheet
Just before I fall asleep.

